

YPSILANTI :: MICHIGAN

Volume 5

Number 6

April, 1915

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The Ypsi=Sem

VOL. 5

YPSILANTI, MICH., APRIL, 1915

No. 7

LITERARY

When the Cooks Left

"Nine o'clock! Why have you had breakfast, already, Fred?" This from his sleepy-eyed little city cousin who had arrayed herself in what she considered the proper apparel for camp life, a heavy white skirt and a very skimpy, thin and somewhat delicate, silk blouse.

"Not yet, Alice, and more's the pity, it doesn't look much as if we'd get any, either today or any day." Alice listened to her cousin's tale of woe in dread and then came flying into my room. When it comes to getting out of bed herself, my little wife, Alice always gets the booby prize, but when she's out and dressed and you're still nice and cozy and wondering if it's as cold as you think, why, then she just forgets she ever hated to get out and cool her toes and she just turns herself loose on those blankets you're hugging and in less than no time you're scuttling into your clothes with your teeth chattering so hard you wonder which one will fall out first, and this morning was no exception to the rule. I heard as much of the conversation between the cousins, as I've related and then that unsympathetic little wife of mine came into my room and she turned bedlam loose that time, if she never did before. While I got into my shirt, inside out of course, and took Alice's riding breeches for my trousers, she sat on the bed with the blankets pulled up around her ears and began to explain the lack of breakfast. "According to Fred, the cook's taken French leave; and Jim says he's vamoosed! It sounds terrible enough." And then with some perplexity, "Bob, what does the law do with people who vamoose? Is it bad enough to hang them, or do they just go to prison for it?"

When Alice got through drenching me and when I could sputter a word or two without

going off into hysterics again, I explained to my innocent little girl that "vamoose" is a word a man uses when anyone leaves without giving notice. She said she thought she knew what that meant, she'd seen it in some magazine story.

We newly weds, Fred and Jim and I had spent our summer vacations camping up here in Maine, when we were chums in college. We found we learned a lot more about nature and camp craft than any of our college mates who went resorting, so when we were married we decided that it wouldn't hurt the girls any to have some real experience. Alice was wild to come when I suggested it to her and Fred sent Betty to Alice and she wouldn't take no for an answer, when it came to Nan, Jim had quite a time; she wanted to go to a resort and didn't care anything about meeting Alice and Betty. Jim explained that she might as well get acquainted with the girls early, because we men didn't intend to end our good times together just because we're married. And I, at least, was firmly determined that my wife should learn something about cooking.

Now there are plenty of every day things that Alice and Betty don't know, but Alice, at least, is always ready to help whether she knows how or not and she doesn't sulk when you laugh at her. And now was a time when she was just bubbling over with eagerness to help. Betty is society from head to toe; she doesn't know how to cook and doesn't want to know how. But just the same, when Jim said he'd go over across the lake to the guide's camp after a new cook Betty said she'd help Alice get breakfast, if Fred and I would get some fish for them. We had wanted to give the girls a chance to experiment and here was a beautiful chance for them to see what they

could do, or perhaps more truly, what they couldn't do.

Well, Jim couldn't bear to let Nan out of his sight, even yet so he saddled the mares and took his wife along to keep her out of mischief, he said, but Fred and I've about come to the conclusion that he knows more about her knowledge of the kitchen than he wants to admit until he finds out how much our wives know. Fred got out the canoe and I took down our paraphanalia, and then we came back and made sure the girls weren't afraid to be left alone, and went after our fish.

The girls began breakfast by going through the cook book and crossing off all the things they knew we didn't like. They decided on boiled eggs for Nan and Jim and omelets for the rest of us. They found some pie crust dough in the ice box and so decided to make apple pie.

When I came in, about an hour and a half later, the smell sent me flying to the kitchen, first whiff. The stove was red hot and approaching white in leaps and bounds. I dropped the fish on the floor and opened the outside door and yanked the lids off that stove and sent them rolling across the pine needles as fast as I could move. When I got through there wasn't a stick left in the stove. I came back and stood in the doorway, trying to get my breath, and then I noticed the girls. Betty was dressed in her swimming suit and was keeping guard over a dipper on the back of the stove. I went over and looked into it to see why she was so attentive. A little later

Alice told Fred she'd never have married me, if she'd known I was so given up to hysterics. And then Betty let out a yelp of dismay. Well, she said she was boiling some eggs for Nan and Jim but somehow she managed to get a tin dipper and she put those two eggs in the bottom of it without a drop of water in sight. Naturally enough, when she had the stove good and hot, the dipper began to sit down and spread out. Oh, well! there's a wooden bucket that'll do for a while, I guess.

Then Alice broke in, "Bob, what did you do with my omelets?" I'm sure I don't know where were they?" I wandered out into the yard about that time and there, sure enough, I found—Alice said it was omelet but I'd never have known it and I don't believe you would have either.

But Betty wouldn't let me make fun of them that way, so she brought out the apple pie. Apple pie—say it went like wildfire, once I raised the lid and sugared it. Maybe it wasn't made according to the recipe, but, fellows, it hit the right spot, fair and square.

Nan and Jim rode up a little later and found us in the lake splashing each other in good old style, trying our best to forget that we were breakfastless.

The girls learned things that summer and they won't forget them very soon. But woe be unto the day they learn that their dear Fred and Bob are known in the kingdom of the guides, as A No. 1 cooks.

BARBARA JEFFERSON.

A Brave Little Woman

Mr. Green walked into the depot with the appearance of great haste. He glanced at the clock, then a relieved yet impatient expression spread over his face, however, soon to change as its usual jolly, good natured expression again took command. He had just forty-five minutes to wait for the train. He glanced around the depot with the faint hope of seeing a friend and his eye rested upon a short, sturdy man in all respects betokening a typical German. He seemed to be solitary among the crowd and looked decidedly sleepy. "He is evidently in the same perdicament as myself," thought Mr. Green. "I will go over and talk with him."

"Good morning, my friend," he said as he took an empty seat by the side of the stranger. "Are you waiting for the train? I see it is thirty minutes late.

The little man roused himself to say with a yawn, "Goot morning. No I was not for to take der train waiting. Mine bruder was chust coming on der train und I am here for to meet him, yes." He then closed his eyes as if about to take a short nap.

Mr. Green looked at him, slightly grimaced to himself and made another attack.

"Does your brother live out of town?" he asked.

"Yah" (nodding slightly, almost asleep.)

Mr. Green then gave up and turning his attention to the crowd near him was soon lost in the interest of watching them. All at once his attention was attracted by the sight of a small, dark object bounding across the floor. On nearer approach it proved to be a mouse. For some unknown reason it had probably been driven from its home, consequently it was now running in heedless terror for a place of safety. This frightened mouse also attracted the attention of a group of ladies standing near. Instantly there was a scene of confusion. Some jumped upon the empty seats, others fled to the furthermost corner of the depot where each tried to get behind the other, all at the same time screaming at the tops of their voices.

This unwonted noise had the power of arousing the German who, upon seeing the cause of it, exclaimed, "Oh my, oh my! Safe me, safe me!" Then hastily scrambled to a standing position on his seat while he lustily gave vent to a series of yells, calling, "Help, help! Police! Safe me, oh safe me!" Not until the frightened mouse had disappeared and the fears of the ladies were quieted did he venture to again sit down, but this time with all thoughts of sleep completely vanished from his mind. He eyed Mr. Green a little suspiciously then exclaimed.

"It was too sudden, too sudden!"

Mr. Green with difficulty suppressed a smile and again resumed his former attempts at conversation, this time with more favorable results. Ignoring his friend's recent fear he said, "Ladies are apt to be rather timid in such cases."

"Yah, yah," readily agreed the German, "but it was too sudden, too sudden, a surprise, yah."

Mr. Green smiled slightly.

"Yes, the shock was rather sudden, I admit but the fear of women and even of men (here he glanced slyly at his companion) is getting to be rather a common occurrence in recent years. There is certainly a great contrast between the women of today and those of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers time. I well remember the story my mother told me long ago about her aunt. It impressed me greatly at the time. If I thought it would interest you——?"

"I think it would, yes. Tell it and I will find out."

"It is the story of a very brave little wo-

man," began Mr. Green.

"Chust like me, chust like me, very brave, yes."

"Her name," continued Mr. Green, paying no attention to the interruption, "was Hester Hampton. Her husband was a great hunter and trader and consequently was away from home much of the time, but Hester had no fear of staying alone, even though their home was situated in a large forest and with her little girl, aged six, would often stay alone for a week at a time."

"Chust like me, chust like me, I stayed alone vonce."

"Their small cabin home was, as I said before, situated in a large forest. It was built with every possible device for protection known at that time, having thick, solid oak doors fastened by means of strong iron latches. It consisted of three stories, if the cellar might be classed as such and was furnished neatly and comfortably.

"There were few railroads in the country at that time, consequently the greater share of the mail was sent from town to town on stage coaches or by special men appointed for that purpose. A man by the name of Warner carried the mail between Lexington and Harvard, a distance of about forty miles. As Hampton's cabin was situated about midway between the two he generally left Lexington at noon and arriving at Hampton's toward evening would spend the night there. These visits which occurred about one a week somewhat relieved the monotony of staying so much alone accordingly they were welcomed by Hester.

"One late afternoon as Mr. Warner rode into the yard Hester ran out to meet him. 'Oh I'm so glad to see you,' she cried, 'my husband has gone a week and I have been so lonesome. When I saw you coming I thought at first it was he. I am expecting him home any day now.'

Mr. Warner dismounted and handed Hester the saddle bags in which he carried the mail. 'Some pretty valuable stuff in those bags this time,' he said, 'I'd hate to be responsible for its loss.'

"Hester carried the saddle bags to the house Warner fastened his mule in the shed. He then went into the house where Hester was already preparing his supper. After supper they talked together for some time. He told a few short stories to Alma, the little girl, then expressed a desire to retire since riding made

him weary. Shortly afterward Alma was put to bed, but as Hester had some sewing to finish she decided to remain up a little longer.

"The cabin was rather small, and because of this Alma had no bedroom of her own, but instead her cot was placed on the south side of the sitting room against the partition which the cellarway made in the room. About an hour later Hester decided she would put away her work for the night and go to bed. It was so quiet in the room that she could hear the breathing of the child. All at once the silence was broken by a loud, ringing knock at the door. Hester was, as I have said, a very brave little woman." (Mr. Green here paused a second for breath.)

"Chust like me, chust like me, I haf no fear," eagerly interposed the listener who had been sitting with both eyes and mouth wide open in his interest.

"But this unexpected knock at that late hour of the night could not help arousing her fears."

"Too suddent, too suddent. It was too suddent."

"Instantly," continued Mr. Green, "she thought of the valuable mail that Warner had with him. She arose to go to the door but sank back into her chair weak and trembling. Again the knock sounded, this time louder. Something must be done quickly. Her trembling ceased and she became strangely calm; arising she walked steadily to the door."

"My, Oh my! She was brave, chust like—"

"She unbolted and opened the door. Two men, wearing large slouch hats pulled down over their faces so she could not distinguish their features, shuffled in without a word. She drew back slightly and waited.

"Where's Warner?" growled one of them. 'Don't try to make us believe he ain't here, we know better,' he continued as he saw she was about to speak. 'Or if you know where his mail is you can hand it over and we won't disturb his dreams.'

"Mine vas disturbed," ruefully remarked the German.

Hester saw it would be of no use to try to deceive them so she readily assented to reveal where Warner was, telling them to follow her. A plan was already forming within her mind. They regarded her a little suspiciously and followed her warily.

"Right here," she said as she opened the cellar door. She paused, 'Don't you hear him

breathing?' she asked. They listened for a minute and the leader nodded his head. It was the breathing of her child around the corner of the partition. She opened the door, at the same time skillfully managing to keep a little behind the two men. They stepped forward to distinguish if possible any objects in the total darkness before them. As they did so Hester suddenly flung her whole weight against the man in the rear. He plunged against his companion and together they fell, down, down into the total blackness of the cellar. She heard the loud thud as their bodies struck the cellar bottom, then banging the door shut she bolted it securely, at the time calling to Warner.

"He hastily appeared and received a rather incoherent explanation of the scene. After procuring a lantern they listened at the cellar door, then ventured into the cellar to find one man had broken his leg by the fall, the other man was badly bruised and both were stunned. Together they carried the men upstairs, bound them securely and left them lying on the floor until morning.

"The next morning as they were trying to decide what to do with the men, Hester's husband rode into the yard. Both Hester and Mr. Warner ran out to meet him to tell the story. Mr. Hampton bestowed many words of praise upon his wife for her courage and you may judge for yourself whether she deserved them or not. Thus ends the story of the brave little woman."

The story ended not a moment too soon for just then the loud shriek of a train whistle was heard and the train puffed into the station. Mr. Green grabbed his traveling cases and with the crowd started for the door.

"Good bye, my friend," he called back, "glad to have met you."

But the German could not reply to the parting, instead, Mr. Green heard him exclaiming to himself, "Very brave, very brave, she had no fear not efer, chust like me, chust like me. I haf no fear but—It vas too suddent."

As Mr. Green climbed onto his train he chuckled to himself, "Chust like me, chust like me. I'd guarantee if another mouse ran across that floor that Dutchman would yell himself hoarse and then if it was with his dying breath, he would say, 'very brave, yes, very brave, chust like me, chust like me.'"

HATTIE SMITH, '15.

IN MEMORIAM

Ella Arvilla Coe was born in Ypsilanti, April 16, 1900, and died March 6, 1915.

It is only rarely that we are called upon to record the passing from our midst of one of our own number. Such a duty is always a sad one, and, following, as it does, in this case, so closely upon our loss, the duty is doubly sad.

As a student, Ella gave rich promise. Her understanding was keen, her sense of the finer and deeper meaning of life as portrayed in literature and history unusual. Her nature seemed cast in a finer mold, and life to have more joy, more meaning than is ordinarily the case with those of her years.

Her life was what may well be called a radiant one. Of a sunny, cheerful disposition, she was always the center of any group, and her deep sense of what was always right and fair made it easy for others to follow her example. Especially was the esteem in which she was held and the affection she had aroused in those about her evident in the last days of her life. Parents, schoolmates and friends knew that the end was near and did everything in their power to make her last days as bright and cheerful as she had helped to make every day for others.

While her brief years were spent in the place of her birth, the influence of her life and her memory will not be limited to the narrow sphere in which she lived or to the circle of friends who knew her so well. The streams of influence set in motion by her pure life and the memory of her quiet, gracious manner, have, we believe, left upon all who knew her an abiding impress for good.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts not breaths;
He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

The Ypsi-Sem

This paper is published monthly by the pupils of the Ypsilanti High School, at Ypsilanti, Michigan, the board of editors being chosen by the faculty.

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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 Jerome Sherzer, '15.....Athletic Editor
 Lillian Campbell, '15, Joke and Exchange Editor
 Veda Vernon, '15.....Local Editor
 Marion Voorhees, '15.....Art Editor

MANAGERIAL BOARD

Frank Davis, '15.....Business Manager
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Last week in chapel Mr. Morris expressed the feelings of himself and the teachers in a short and very interesting talk.

He said that those who have every advantage both physically and mentally, do not seem to know how to appreciate them.

The teachers think some of their classes are asleep, and would like to know how to awaken them.

This is also the sentiment of the Sem Staff. During the entire year there has been a few, a very few, who have done what is required of every student, and that is, that they should contribute stories, jokes, etc., to "The Sem."

Again, this is not the only instance in which a few carry on the work and seem to be the only ones out of the mass who do things. This is so in the classes. Everyone comes up for his or her share in the honor, that is won, if there is any, but when it comes to the work to win this glory—does every one willingly

come forward then? Indeed not. They leave it to the few who have the enthusiasm and spirit for the entire class.

They are these few who are making the classes, "The Sem," and the school, what it is; hence, if you do not like the way things are being done, if you want to be one of the few, or if you want your class and school to stand forth as one in which the work is carried on and borne by all and not a minority, then DO something. Now is your chance; baseball is coming on, the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. carnival, the contests; and the many organizations offer the best of opportunities. Take, "Do Something" as your motto and begin to carry it out immediately.

:o:

Report cards are again coming out. There are three classes of students (ranking according to work); those who receive the highest marks; those, the medium; and those, the lowest. To which class do you belong? Just glance over your card and consider for a moment. Two thirds of the school year is over; just twelve more weeks of work and summer vacation will be here. Have you a good start toward a high semester's grade? If you haven't make one final effort. Don't wait until next month, for then there will be many more things to divert your attention.

It is now or never.

:o:

What class will at the close of these contests claim the loving cup as their own for a year?

This is the question in which everyone is interested, the answer to which can hardly at this time be guessed.

The final result depends upon the class as a whole, whether it has the most talent, ambition, enthusiasm, and spirit and can so use it to win the points.

Is your class going to have its name engraved on the cup next?

:o:

We are glad to see that the work is progressing on the new school building, which will be ready for use next February. The building of the ninety-foot tower has been watched with a great deal of interest. The cement will be pumped to the top of the tower and distributed to the different parts of the building, thru long shutes.

:o:

The work on the "Dixit" has been started. The Dixit this year will be the best ever. The

Staff is working hard on all the departments.

What the Dixit Is

The Dixit is the Annual published by the Sem Staff at the close of each school year.

What It Will Contain

The book will be made up of pictures of the Faculty, (this fact alone should make you buy one) pictures of all the classes, organizations, football and baseball teams. There will be zinc cut features, by the school's best artists, several pages of snapshots of High School life and events, and besides all these, a number of excellent essays, orations, stories and jokes.

The Dixit should be the property of every student in High School. The price is not a prohibitive one, and we are running very close to the edge in order to put the book in the hands of all students. Your friends will all be in the Dixit and in later years you will look thru your Dixits with interest. We intend to sell 225 Dixits this year so be prepared to pay your first 25c to the collector when he calls upon you.

When You Get the Dixit

The Dixits are delivered the night of class day, immediately after the exercises, June 16.

The Price

The price will remain unchanged—seventy-five cents. Twenty-five cents will be paid in advance, and the balance (50c) when the book is delivered.

The pictures for the Dixit will be taken after spring vacation at Miller's Studio. We want you to help us out by handing any snapshots you have of High School students or High School events in at Mr. Morris' office. Do this before April 20th.

One last word: Boost the Dixit, our mark is 225 copies. Help us to make it. Show your loyalty to the school.

—:o:—

The Carnival given last year was one "grand" success. We shall give another this year under the supervision of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. We shall miss those Seniors of last year who took an active part in the Carnival, but we hope that the Seniors this year, and all students will work for the success of this affair. The date set for this event is April 23.

—:o:—

The class contests have started off with a bang. The Seniors and Juniors are tied for first place with eleven points each.

The debate questions have been chosen for the upper and lower classes. Resolved: "That the Philippine Islands Should be Retained by the United States," is the Freshman-Sophomore question. Resolved: "That the Sixty-third Congress Should Have Enacted Into Law the Burnett Bill Providing a Literacy Test for Immigrants," will be discussed by the Seniors and Juniors.

SCHOOL NEWS

CALENDAR FOR APRIL

April 6—School opens. P. L. S. and H. of R. debate. High School Hall.

April 16—Declamation Contest. Fresh-Soph debate. High School Hall.

April 17—Ypsi vs. Milan, baseball.

April 20—Ypsi vs. Normal High, baseball.

April 23—Carnival. High School Hall.

April 26—Fresh-Soph, baseball.

April 30—Essay Contest, Junior-Senior debate.

Edna Bissel has again entered school after a long absence on account of the illness of her sister.

Miss Laird was so impressed by the beautiful spring weather, that on March 16 she

visited the woods in quest of spring flowers.

Olive Green has returned to school after a long siege of scarlet fever.

Ella Coe, a well known and much loved member of the Freshman class, died March 16 after an illness of three months. She possessed a sweet disposition which made her loved by everyone. The funeral was held at her home on Perrin street March 8. About twenty-five of the high school students attended.

Irene McQueen was absent from school March 16.

The junior and senior try-out for debate was held March 18. Those who won out from the junior class were: Caroline Case, Marion Riggs and Harry Miller with James Breakey as alternate, those from the senior class, Flor-

ence Hayes, Eloise Ewell, Helen Meyers, with David Wilson as alternate.

March 5th was marked as a red letter day for the Freshmen in Miss Minnard's room because of the fact that they won over the Seniors in spelling. As a reward Miss Minnard gave them a taffy pull which was well attended and, as they decided, well worth the work.

March 17th the report cards came out, which, it will be hoped, brought some people to their senses.

March 10th the students of the Ypsilanti High School were entertained very pleasingly by Miss Bivins from the Normal, who sang several songs after which Mr. Morris gave a very practical and interesting talk in which he tried to stir up new life and spirit in the high school students. He brought home the great necessity of zeal and enthusiasm in high school work by giving several well founded and appropriate examples.

In the list of honor students published in last month's Sem the name of Mary Case was omitted.

Mr. L. C. Hayes spoke to the student body in chapel February 26. Although Mr. Hayes is blind and has been so all his life, he does not give up, but struggles manfully onward trying to do some good in the world. A collection was taken among the students to the amount of six dollars and twenty-three cents.

Our superintendent, Mr. Arbaugh, spent the part of the week from February 22-26 attending a national Superintendent's meeting at Cincinnati, Ohio, while there he visited the different high schools and was very much impressed not only with the schools, but with the city in general.

Every one, who has not done so should visit Miss Cooper's room and see the two beautiful pictures which were purchased with the money earned from the Latin and German plays and the contributions of the first year Latin students.

A flunker is a person who loves a subject so much that he refuses to leave it.

Every one going out for any of the class contests, make use of the bulletin board in the Library for material.

The girls basketball games have ended with the following results: Senior girls first, giving them eight points toward the loving cup; Freshman girls second, giving them five points; Junior girls third, with three points. The games were very interesting and well attended.

February 18th a feed was given by the Senior girls for the basketball girls. A good time was enjoyed by all.

Some of the lady members of the faculty, who have been attending the games have become so enthusiastic as to form a faculty team which is out for practice Tuesday and Wednesday evening.

About eighteen of Miss Minnard's English four class and herself attended Macbeth, which was played in Detroit Monday, March 22.

Helen Howlett and Iva Beach gave a St. Patrick's party at the home of the former Wednesday, February 17. About twenty guests were present. All declare them very entertaining hostesses.

Mr. Morris acted as a judge at a debate between the Ann Arbor and Lansing high schools Friday February 19.

The civics classes, with Miss Roberts, visited the capitol at Lansing. While there they also visited the Industrial School which was of great interest to all. They spent the greater part of the time in the House and Senate chambers. They returned home much enthused and ready to work with greater zeal.

Florence Hayes, Frank Davis and Russel Reader gave reports on the trip to Lansing, in chapel, February 17, Robert James, who went to Lansing a day before the others of the class and acted as a delegate from the school at the meeting for the purpose of passing the Hulse Bill, gave a fine report. Mr. Morris had called a mass meeting for the purpose of signing the petition that this bill be passed and two hundred and ninety-three from the three hundred students in the high school signed the petition. Roy Bird next gave a report of the Affiliated clubs' banquet at Detroit. The Ypsilanti delegates consisted of Harold Sparling, Jesse Miller and Roy Bird.

Special music was furnished by Ruth Cain, and a piano duet by Dorothy Arbaugh and Margaret Wycoff. The students then passed to their first period classes omitting the second period.

In comparing the library statistics for the month of February with the month of February of the two previous years, it was found that the number of high school students in the library during study periods in the month of February in 1913 was 1,030; in 1914, 1,965; and in 1915, 2,433. The number of books in circulation during the month of February in 1913 was 1,119; in 1914, 1,068 and in 1915, 1,008. These

facts show that year after year more studying and reading is being done in the library and less out side, which will show the necessity of a new library and more room.

Guy Robinson is planning an auto trip in Ohio with his Ford as soon as the roads are good.

A supper party was held at the home of Edwin cMCualey Monday, March 15, celebrating his birthday.

Earl Stevens spent Sunday, March 14 in Detroit.

Frank Davis attended, "The Whip" given at the Garrick theatre in Detroit March 10.

The Junior debate team comprises Harry Miller, Caroline Case, Marion Riggs and James Breakey, alternate. On the Sophomore team are Wellman Parsons, Helen Montgomery and Allyn Carr, with Ethel Mark, alternate. Those chosen to represent the Freshmen were Floyd Matthews, Ellen Hopkins, and Charles Truesdell, with Willis Moore, alternate.

P. L. S.

February 25th the Philomathian Literary Society held their regular meeting in the chapel. The program consisted of an old fashioned school. A piano solo by Phoebe Jefferson, a vocal solo by Genevieve Nulan. The entertainment was appreciated by all.

March 11th the P. L. S. met in Mr. Ross' room. After the business was transacted the company was entertained very pleasingly by the games committee with Margaret Brooks chairman, after the games, coca and wafers were served. The meeting then adjourned all declaring a very pleasant time.

Y. W. C. A.

A meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held March 4th. The meeting was opened by sing-

ing two songs after which Miss Pearson, the state secretary of the Y. W. C. A., gave a talk on "Hurricane Canyon" and explained how it could be applied to our lives.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. met Thursday, March 3 and after all business had been transacted Mr. Metcalf of the Normal drove home to the fellows a talk very much worth while. Mr. Metcalf has traveled a great deal and is very capable of talking to young people. Following the meeting, the Bible class met under the leadership of Mr. Latham.

Wednesday, March 10 a special meeting was called at 11:30 for electing four fellows to attend a banquet at the Detroit Y. M. C. A. given by the affiliated clubs of the high schools of the city. Roy Bird, Sewell Platt, Jessie Miller and Harold Sparling were chosen and the meeting was then dismissed.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

At the meeting of the House on February 23, 1914 a bill providing for the election of the President for a term of six years was discussed.

The affirmative was upheld by Floyd Matthews and Allen Carr, the negative by William Snyder and Morgan Axford. The bill lost, twelve to three. Clarence Ponton and John Hubbard were elected to go as delegates to the conference of the Federated House of Representatives at Detroit. It was decided to accept the challenge of the P. L. S. and Cleary for debate.

The House met again on March 9. At this meeting the House was divided into two parties. Frank Moran was appointed leader of the Republican and Raymond Augustus the leader of the Democratic.

ATHLETICS

Spring is approaching, in fact it would not be far wrong to say it is here. With it, come the athletic activities which shall prove so attractive in the near future. Baseball and track are the two most important events. Tennis will have to be discontinued owing to the

fact that the new school building is being erected where the courts formerly have been. Although it may seem premature, still we must not forget the coming football season. Baseball will of course be the chief attraction, however. Track will be a close second since

the result of the interclass meet will go a long way towards deciding the winner of the cup, awarded by the school board. All of this should be of interest to the student body and they should give their loyal support to these undertakings, for their success depends upon the enthusiasm displayed concerning them. This is especially true of baseball and so it is hoped that the students as a whole will respond with both vocal and financial aid.

The prospects for a good baseball season are fine. All of last year's team, with the exception of Capt. Gilmore, Richards and Proctor are back again. This alone insures a good team and besides there are several capable candidates out for a position on the team. Although two games have already been scheduled the list will not be given out now. At its next meeting the athletic council will make some decision relative to the season tickets for the baseball season. Every one is urged to purchase their ticket as soon as they are placed on sale, for even though the athletic association is recovering from its financial depression of the winter months, it needs all available support. While not much can be said concerning the team itself, as yet, it is assured that all who attend the games will be far from disappointed.

It is generally conceded that it is a long way to Tipperary, and it may seem that football is equally distant but if it does, appearances are deceiving. It is not as distant as it seems at first thought. It is intention of Coach Wood that a pre-season practice be held. With in the next few weeks our best pigskin will be aroused from its sweet dream of peace. All aspirants will assemble and a signal drill will be indulged in until all become thoroughly proficient in their use. This will save about a month's time next fall for it takes at least that long to get the signals. When school starts next fall, all out for the team will be familiar with about 15 different formations. This will give them an advantage over other teams which should manifest it in the first few games although it will not affect those coming later. The auspices have been taken and the fates being willing the 1915 football aggregation should put all former achievements in the shade. So after all when you stop to think football is not so very far off. This has been mentioned only lest we forget. It is desired

that the rooters indulge in a little pre-summer's practice and make themselves in evidence on the diamond and get in condition for the gridiron.

This is a story with a moral; perhaps it applies to you:

Last fall when the season tickets were placed on sale a certain high school girl was requested to purchase one. She refused, saying that she knew nothing about football and so did not care to attend the games. All attempts to reason with her were in vain, she steadfastly refused to become the proud possessor of a certificate of admittance, price four bits. Let us skip not a year as is the custom in the movies, but only a few weeks. A mass meeting is called and our heroine, urged on by curiosity, attends. Mr. Augustus is elected yell master. He complies with the popular demand with the alacrity which he invariably exhibits when an opportunity for publicity arises. Marvelous to say he seems in some unaccountable way to have aroused sufficient enthusiasm to inspire our blase heroine. She became so interested in the kaleidoscopic contortions he underwent that she considered it worth the price of admission to see him perform. Consequently she decided to attend the game with Cass High of Detroit the following day. She was present bright and early the next day and came with the conviction which Mr. Augustus shared with her that the purpose of the whole affair was to give the yellmaster a chance to exhibit himself. She was soon disillusioned never-the-less, for soon she became so absorbed in the game that she, like all the rest, forgot his very existence. This was truly a phenomenal circumstance for Mr. Augustus contorted to the extent of his ability and endeavored with a persistence, worthy of a better cause, to attract attention to himself. There is no need to tell the rest, you have already guessed it. Our heroine became a confirmed football enthusiast and did not miss another game during the remainder of the season. Her only regret was that she had not started sooner.

Moral:—Eventually? Why not now?

(Editor's note:—This case concerns football, however, it is analogous to the one that arises when baseball tickets are put on sale. Take warning and do your shopping early.)

Miss Minnard:—"What is an octopus?"

Mary Allen:—"An eightsided cat."

JOKES AND JOKES

Hand jokes into "Chat Box."

—:o:—

Mother:—"I hope that your opinions uphold the dignity of our sex, Marie, and that you believe that every woman should have a vote."

Isca:—"I don't go quite so far as that, but I do believe that every woman should have a voter."

—:o:—

Clara Clark (telling of trip to Lansing):—"I was most interested in the industrial building because there were eight hundred boys there."

—:o:—

Mr. Wood:—"Who was it that supported the world upon his shoulders?"

Birdie:—"Atlas."

Mr. W.:—"Who supported Atlas?"

Birdie:—"The book doesn't say but I suppose his wife did."

—:o:—

James (In Latin I defining equinox):—"Equi means horse and nox means night. Therefore equinox must mean nightmare."

—:o:—

Avis Rice:—"For my essay, the topic is 'Alcohol and Manhood.'"

M. Ainsworth:—"I would write on that too, if it were Wood-alcohol."

—:o:—

The Seniors' time is nearly run,
Next year we'll put on airs,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints just as large as theirs.

Signed, Juniors.

—:o:—

Esther:—"I am very tired. I wish I could find a big rock to sit on."

Bob:—"I wouldn't mind being a little bolder, if I weren't afraid of being sat on."

—:o:—

Bob T.:—"Say Esther, if you married me, you wouldn't have to change your name, would you?"

Esther:—"No, but I would have to change my mind."

—:o:—

Tennis Racket—A lot of holes tied together with a string.

Echo—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

Anti-fussing club has been organized.

Members—Wayne Burton, president; Lynn Schaffer, vice-president; Bunk Davis, secretary; Bob James, treasurer.

Those who wish to join hand names to president.

P. S. Thompson is president emeritus.

—:o:—

Information wanted. Where does Russel Reader get his gorgeous neckties?

Am I going to graduate? Senior.
Hand in all jokes to "Chat Box."

—:o:—

Ain't afraid of roarin' lions,
Ain't afraid of bats,
Ain't afraid of elephants,
Ain't afraid of rats,
Ain't afraid of snarlin' dogs,
Ain't afraid of squir'l's,
Ain't afraid of Guinea pigs,
But I am afraid of girls.—Ex.

—:o:—

Miss Minnard:—"Mr. Burton, did you see 'Blue Bird'?"

Mr. Burton:—"Yes'm."

Miss Minnard:—"Did you see Macbeth?"

Mr. Burton:—"Yes'm."

Miss Minnard:—"What was the difference?"

Mr. Burton:—"About \$1.25."

—:o:—

Miss Hardy:—"Mr. Sherzer, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the school room."

Jerry:—"I wasn't, I was only smiling when all of a sudden the smile busted."

—:o:—

He:—"Will you be my partner for—."

She:—"Oh, Sir, this is so sudden!. Give me a little more time."

He:—"For the second dance?"

She:—"To catch my breath. I haven't recovered from the last dance yet."

—:o:—

Bunk:—"That girl we just passed smiled at me."

Foster:—"That is nothing, the first time I saw you, I laughed out loud."

—:o:—

Miss Minnard:—"What does the word Chaucer suggest to your mind?"

Senior:—"Tough beefsteak."

Miss Minnard:—"How's that?"

Senior:—"Chaw, Sir."

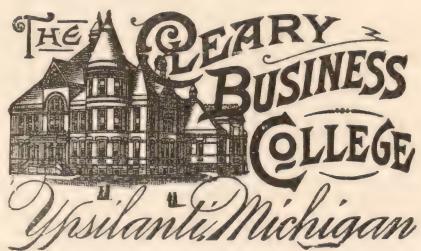
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